L Coolidge
12. poplar St

Theresa B. A. Reamer
West Chester

September 10. Wednesday Evening

1845 – September 10. Wednesday Evening — I have passed the day that I have looked forward to, with so many hopes and fears — and although I still feel anxious, which is natural to any one of feeling, and in so new a situation, I feel very happy, and above all, grateful to my Heavenly Father for his great blessings — I feel blessed, to think, that so many of the wishes of my heart, have been granted me — and when I remember the hopes of my friends for my sake, I am the more thankful for my success —

In my Examination, I was surprised, and very much pleased — I was met with kindness and encouraged and sustained through all, that I had imagined would be so hard a trial — and I can truly say, that I reciprocate every feeling of kindliness and friendship that has been shown me — I do feel the greatest gratitude, when my thoughts dwell upon the past, all I have suffered, and all I have hoped for the future — And I fervently pray for blessings upon all my fellow beings, and may my Father in Heaven, reward those friends, who have been so kind to me, in my hour of need and sorrow — and with such friends, I feel assured, I may hope —

October 10.

The Inquiry —

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell
Some valley in the west
Where free from toil and pain
The weary soul may rest? —
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered — No!

Tell me, thou mighty deep
Whose billows round me play
Knowest thou some favored spot
Some Island far away,
Where weary souls may find
The bliss for which they sigh
Where sorrow never lies
And friendship, never dies?
The waves around me roaring in perpetual flow
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer No!

October 11.

And thou, serenest Moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the Earth
Asleep in night's embrace
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable hearts
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe
And a voice sweet, but sad responded, No!

Tell me, my sacred soul
O! tell me Hope and Faith
Is there no resting place
From Sorrow, Sin and Death
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed
Where grief may find a balm
And weariness a rest
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given
Waved their bright wings and whispered

Yes!

in Heaven

The Normal Rule —

1. Be gentle — a low kindly voice
Like ever reach the ear
Better to make one heart rejoice
Than cause a host to fear.

2. Be humble — E'en the smallest one
From out thy little flock,
Can offer some thing new to thee
And thus enlarge thy stock —

3. Be just — Tho' difficult it be
The erring good to blame,
Remember duty calls on thee
To deal with all the same —

4 Be true — The teachers lot it is,
To guide the bark of youth;
Let Love and Duty swell the sails,
And the pole-star be — Truth

E.V.

Normality March 4/ 46

Sing dear Nightingale! called a Shepherd to the
silent Songstress, on a lovely summer Evening —
"Oh! said the Nightingale, "the Frogs make such
a noise, that I lose all desire to sing —
Dost thou not hear them"? "Truly I hear them",
replied the Shepherd, "but it is only because of
thy silence that I do hear them" Beautiful!

Water —

1, God be praised for the Water! The Protean Child,
His best beloved daughter,
And most undefiled —

2, In the fountain so graceful
So grand in the sea,
In the shatty brook, cheerful,
Fit emblem of glee —

3, But though sportive & charming
She fain can impart
Lessons each should be learning,
Deep in his heart —

4, She sheds her sweet influence
Alike upon all
Aspires not to eminence,
Is willing to fall —

5, She teaches us purity,
Harmony, Love,
And points us the path
Which leads us above —

6, Then, blessings on Water,
The Protean Child,
God's best beloved daughter
And most undefiled

E. S.

A beautiful Inscription on a tombstone —

"I came in the morning, it was Spring —
And I smiled;
I walked out at noon, it was Summer —
And I was glad;
I sat me down at Even, it was Autumn —
And I was sad;
I laid me down at night, it was Winter! —
And I slept!!"

Sentiments — The Jain daughters of Normality!

"May they add Virtue to Beauty — Subtract Envy from Friendship — Multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper — Divide sociability by economy; and reduce Scandal to its lowest denomination."

"Cheerfulness in the face of the teacher, is Sunshine in the heart of the pupil" —

"Look not mournfully into the Past; it comes not back again — Wisely improve the present; it is Thine — Go forward into the Shadowy future without fear, and with a trusting heart"

Lon J Jellison's Hyperion

"Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious, is the world within us!

"Fragrant flowers, are like pure Bibles, scattering thousands of lights along our path —

When the young lamps at the door, may laugh at
themselves beforehand" Memory, is the daughter of
Attention and the teeming mother of Wisdom —
"A blind man, is a poor man — and poor, a blind is,
for the former, sees no man, and the latter, no man sees —
"The magnetic Telegraph — The highway of thought"

Devotion — The daughter of Astronomy

Some hearts are so large that a Planet
might swim in them — and others there are,
that if a thousand were collected upon a
finely polished diamond, they would not dust it

H. M.

Finish, I could overcome this terrible depression
of spirits that has lingered around me more
than ever of late, this uncertainty of future
where about is the main cause I think —
No home to go to, no place to rest my head H.A.

Smiles, are oil for the wildest wave, a kiss for
the deadliest tear past — Sammy Forrester —
Ours is a noble language, a beautiful language
I can tolerate a Germanism for family sake,
but he, who uses a Latin, or a French phrase,
where a pure old English word does as well,
ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered
for high treason against the mother tongue

Southey

Go to strangers for charity, to acquaintances for advice
and to your relations for nothing! and you
will always have a full supply — (good)

A Valentine sent to H. S. A. by Mattie —

In Heaven, once joined Cupid duets
His only pleasure hearts to matt —
But business takes the place of pleasure
Nor gives him "even one hour of leisure —

But now on Earth by Law, he's bound
With Laurels, are his temples crowned
The myrtle withers 'neath the Spell
Of musty parchments conned too well —

A maiden of a helpful mind
And some to romance sly, inclined
Prays him to be her Valentine
Can he, her character define?

Saint by nature — Saint by name!
Say, can he tell from whence I came!

Nancy! Chief Authoress
I can say with my heart when I see them, so refined, so
pleasant, so happy, so unpretending and so polite

Oh! That upon this Earth there stood
Some more of such a Name
Then, life would be one poetry
And meanings a name one touched fine
Truth! When by night the Frogs are croaking, Kindle but
Ha! how soon they are silent — Shun, Truth, Flames the
Liar —
Sun, Yellow

"Cast thy bread upon the waters! Cast it fearlessly forth! for a kind look, a gentle tone, a loving deed never yet was lost — though it fall unseen and forgotten, be sure, it will one day spring into life — it will sooner or later bring forth much fruit"

"Cut your coat according to your cloth"

"Tis a very good world that we live in
To lend, or to spend, or to give in
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known —

"Silence, is the best quality of the politick —

"He, who has no silver in his purse, should have silver on his tongue" and gold in his heart" —

"Never chill the fountain of affection, by the freezing look of indifference —

"As every shred of gold is precious, so is every moment of time"

"Man's love too often ends, where it should begin" He loves himself most, his neighbour less, and his Creator least

"Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them"

"It is a long lane that has no turn in it" "Make use of a homely, but expressive adage" yes! he replied, but I fear it will turn the wrong way

Emma

January, is derived from Janus, the two faced God,
because it looks backward on the old year, and
forward on the new — (Mrs. Child)

He, who does the best his circumstances will allow
Does well — acts nobly — Angels could no more

Mrs. S. Wright Thursday

"If a Rose were born a Lilly, and by force of heat
and eagerness for light, grew tall and pale
Were a true type of the pure pious soul
That makes a low name honorable — They —
Who take it by inheritance alone,
Adding no brightness to it — are like stars
Seen in the ocean, that were never there
But in the bright originals in Heaven" Willis.

Song, read by Annie Mason

Hush! a Spirit from afar
Quits its heavenly Throne —
Glorious as the Evening Star
In the Sky alone!
Hush! it is a Spirit laden
With a balm for pain
And this snowy Phantom — Maiden,
Is called Hope, by men ——

more on the
next Page

See! her wings are Shadowing thee!
Softly! – let it come;
Prophet 'tis to thee and me,
Of a happy home ——————— Ah God! to me
Softly! – or its wings may close ——
Now approaching near it,
Like a Storm sign to a Rose
Stalks another Spirit ——

Ebon-plumed as moonless night,
With no lights about
Maiden, drive it from thy sight!
For its name, is Doubt ——

See its wings are Shadowing thee,
Never let it come
Prophet 'tis to thee and me
Of a Troubled Home ——
Doubt, the Fallen Seraph is,
Hope, is gloomy never
Then, the better angel Kiss
And hope on Forever ——

"Arbor vitae means Tree of life"

I cast one lingering look at Mars before descending, & thought of Longfellows lines, "I give the first watch of the night

To the red planet, Mars —
Star of the Strong, unconquered will
Thou risest in my breast
Serene, and resolute and still
And calm and self possessed"

It is beautiful thus to embody in the Gods of the ancients some pure, high sentiment —

From Goethe "Hast thou the right thing done perchance?
And look thy enemy as Kaiser?
Sooner or later will he, I trow,
Do the same thing, he knows not how"

"All's for the best, though all
So doubtful look and dark
And if the sky should fall
We would bring us down a Lark"

"Were not the eye itself a sun
No sun for it, could ever shine —
By nothing Godlike could the heart be won
Were not the head itself divine"!

"Open noble and generous living
long, well years of honest striving
much inquiring, much new grounding
new conclusions, often rounding
Reverence for what oldest, truest
friendly welcome for the newest
Cheerful heart, and purpose pure:—
so, our onward way is sure" (Goethe)

Zerah Colburn was but an incarnate
multiplication table — Warren Colburn,
Arithmetic itself" Horace Mann —

"Every pure and good thought that the heart
holds, may be compared to an angel of
Mercy; pure praying and pardon to —
Superstition, declares that in the spot from
which the rainbow rises, a golden Key is left

"I once knew a Hebrew Youth (Jean Paul)
who had a truth that which the world had
not, and therefore he was mightier than
the world." —

Queried if it would be better well to seek
for a diamond in a heap of rubbish, when
we might find a stone by removing away"

"A teacher should observe punctuality (H.C.
as well in closing, as in opening School

"What is its history?
a blank my Lord! (Shakespeare)

As we look back there is much in the retrospect to remind and make us bleed —

But what then? What is not behind, is before us — a future to be worked for and won, is better than a past, to be only remembered". Theodore Parker

Books! are the "Ships of Thought" that sail majestic on through time and space, and bear their rich treasure down to old and young, handing them out upon every shore. O. P.

"When its opening breast
Drinks deep the dews of morn
Will not the beauteous flower expect
Sink down and meet the thorn —
It may — it must — but be it so!
Since thorns are kindly given
To fit Earth's roses here below
For thornless stems in Heaven" —

"If an offence come out of the Truth, better is it that the offence come, than the Truth be concealed. O. P.

The history of a Dew drop!

The night was far advanced when a Dew drop awoke to a consciousness of its existence. It was pillowed on the leaf of a blue Harebell most couch, for that which was so beautiful. The moon had set, but the stars were still shining brightly in the deep blue sky — all animate nature seemed hushed — no sound broke the stillness of the night, save the musical murmer of the waters of a neighbouring fountain, as they fell constantly into a marble basin — A single star, distinguished from all the rest by its superior brilliancy, cast its bright eye upon the dew drop, and perceiving it only to be admired there continued to gaze upon it —

The dew drop looked timidly upward towards the glorious star, and thus, mutually attracted by each other, a friendship was formed between them — Then they held a long and sweet communion together, for stars and dew drops have a language in common with all other objects of (the so called) inanimate nature, a general connecting language it is, which the flowers and the stars all speak, though it is not easily understood by human beings —

But the stars faded, one by one, from the sky, and the dew drops friend, though it lingered with the latest, was at last obliged to bid her a sorrowful farewell — Then soon came the fresh breeze

dancing through the leaves of the tall trees, and then the sun arose, and the flowers awoke, and murmured their kind morning greetings, and the birds carolled clearly their blithe songs — but the dewdrop even amid this scene of joy faded slowly and by almost imperceptible degrees away — She lifted not the bright beams of the sun so well as the mild ray which the Star had shed upon her —

But the Dewdrop died not then — for Spirits of the air carried her upward and placed her among the brilliant gems that formed the rainbows glorious arch. Her hue was of the delicate violet that she had caught from the Harebell & pilfered leaf — a little time, she hung trembling in the air — then gently descended again to the Earth, and took her place in a rivulet that flowed through a dense dark forest where the tall trees grew so closely together as to conceal the moon and stars from the water passing beneath — Soon, however the rivulet widened and became a river; Then, the Stars mirrored themselves on its clear surface, and the dewdrop looked timidly upward to her own Star, but alas! it knew her not, and when she would have called its attention her feeble voice was lost amid the many that were lifted up around her — Soon the heard her companions speak of a mighty ocean toward which they were hastening — She hoped

that they might quickly reach it, for she mainly fancied that in that immensity of waters she would be as nothing — would pass away from existence — How bitter was her grief and disappointment, when at last she discovered that she would still preserve her identity, notwithstanding the multitude of her companions. Soon however the busy Spirits of the air, again seized her, and carried her rapidly over land and sea, to a bright eastern clime, and placed her gently on a petal of the fragrant Cashmere Rose — Here, the Stars were no longer the same that she had known — her own was not among them, and this was pleasant to her, for she would for rather not gaze upon it at all, than feel that it looked not upon her as it had done, Around grew thickly peaceful Acacia trees with tendrils of the silver Jessamine, clinging lovingly to their slight trunks — All the gorgeous flowers slept beneath the calm Starlight, save the Rose alone, which still sent forth its fragrance on the night breeze. Soon the nightingale came forth at this its mute invitation, but as he hastened eagerly to his loved flowers, his wing touched the dew drop from her soft resting place, and she

fell to the ground — She sadly and meekly she wound her way through subterranean Channels of the dark earth till at last she reached a magnificent Cavern — The walls of the Cavern was sparkling with Billiants and the dewdrop sighed that she was not like one of them — Here she would she join not in her wanderings — The night was hardly passed on a Fairy Spirit hastened to execute it — and bore the dewdrop now become a Brilliant crystal, to a place among the many that garnished the roof Here we will leave her at rest in her own unrivalled loveliness — but should some lover of nature ever penetrate to this secluded spot, and awaken her from her repose — and then hand may trace her future wanderings —

M. R May 1846

The Bird of passage needs but a slight rest /
When the cold crowned Queen of Winter, so brightly, yet
coldly beautiful, has gathered her white robe about
her, and glided gently away, the fair young May
wreathed with flossoms, comes to console us —
She brings with her, not only the flowers we most
love, the deep blue violets, the pale anemonies, the
delicately-tinted fruit flossoms; but the beautiful Birds
come too — those heaven-sent messengers that
make glad our hearts, singing all day sweet songs
of love and peace — But gentle May departs,
and Summer visits us — The pale flowers die —
and others more brightly tinted take their places —
we love the roses and orchises, however rich, and the
birds still stay with us singing over the strain
which wearies not — Autumn, clad in her
splendid rare-gatherd robe, succeeds — The flowers
all die — but shall we mourn them? their
beauty is succeeded by a richer one, and the
promises which the blossoms of Spring whispered,
ere they departed, are amply fulfilled —
The Birds are with us too — their notes fall
as deeply into our hearts as when first they
sung — yet, needed they but slight rest, "for the
brilliant is the brief" — The fruits are gathered
into the store-houses; the leaves decay, and then
succeeds that season, which best of all we love —

the Indian Summer — The the Heavens wish
most lovingly over the Earth, the Birds sing
their last, their sweetest Songs — and leave
us for more sunny Climes — And are not
we like Birds of passage? needs our Nest to
be stronger than theirs? our life is made up
of seasons similar to theirs — the innocent
childhood — the youthful brilliant hopes and
aspirations, the mature age when they are
realized, and last, that beautiful season,
the smile of the great Spirit, after Harvest,
when we fold our hands and leave the Earth
as quietly as we came upon it — Oh! that
we might more resemble the Birds! that we
might sing & mingle but truth & goodness
through our whole lives long, and when the
fulness of time shall come, the things of this
world having no strong hold upon us,
depart as peacefully as they — to another home
one still brighter and more beautiful — M.R

My dear Miss Editor — You have asked me to furnish some thing for the entertainment of your readers, and as we are always pleased with hearing of ourselves I thought they might like a sketch of Normality I shall give merely a sketch, and with a free pencil too — and I hope all roughnesses of outline will be excused — Should I be so fortunate as to amuse any of your readers for the passing moment, I shall have gained the desired end, and there will be contented. So here goes —— Sketch no 1, of Normality

I am sorry to begin by stating a fact which is rather discreditable to us, but Truth will out, and it may as well come first as last — The point is this — You all know that they pretend that this is a school exclusively for females, and yet, we all know that they admit young gentlemen here — just look around you — there is Thomas, there is Gorham, and Watson, and Sanders — for not even so many more sons, and these Boys, as Miss Thomas, Miss Gorham, Miss Watson, &c How ridiculous! just as if the public would be deceived by a fixed up name! Of course we do not object to having these young gentlemen of one number, or two — it is the deception that we despise — Some of them too, are great men — for instance, Newton, the astronomer Euclid, the

orator — Emerson, the poet — Day, the mathematician and many other distinguished characters — all of whom have come to reap the benefit of this wonderful Institution —

Indeed, we have the cream of the land, and to express it thick more strongly, I'll coin a word and say we have the Creamery!

By the way, I should have told you before, something of our accommodations — We have had a very pleasant Hall, but that not being quite large enough, we have added another, which for distinction, we call the New Hall — At one time last summer when it was very warm, we occupied occasionally another Hall — but somehow we ~~distrobt~~ didn't like the Atmosphere, and so, he gave it up — Of course so large an establishment as ours, requires many servants and now I mean — — Let us enumerate them — Well done! we have but one Cook! that seems rather droll — but then, this one is very efficient and does as much for us as a dozen of the common sort — — We had two a short time ago, but, though we were sorry to part with them, we thought of the old addage, "Too many Cooks &c" and let them go — We had a Fisher too, but since the cold weather has come on, and fishermen

are thrown out of employ, we have lost the services of this valuable assistant — Then, we have a Page to execute our little commissions two masons to close up any little breach that may be made — a Glover — a Dyer — a Clerk to record all transactions, and Mine, our chief business people — As for amusements, we have two Birds always with us — one, the Bullfinch, sings beautifully, and the other, though it belongs to a class not remarkable for their singing, contributes much to our amusement, and besides these is a large Bird, an excellent Songster, who flies over once or twice a week to cheer us up a little And (pray don't speak of it) we have had a Ball — Let us see what business we carry on here — it seems to me we don't do much in the commercial line — but our staple commodities are Cotton & Rice — You know Commerce can't go on very well without money — and now a days is rather poor — 'Tis true, we had a little at first, but 'twas very little, 'twas only Milled and by some means or rather, that Slipped through our fingers —— As for our opinions on important subjects, I would give us a Specimen our thoughts on the Colored question — No excitement prevails on the matter among us —

for although we have one in our number who is decidedly Brown, no one ever made the slightest objection to it, and there is evidently much harmony on this point — I don't know how it might be if one so unfortunate as to be green should come among us — perhaps that might alter the case — as for the great question of annexation, why — it is understood that we are not in favour of Annexation at all — I have already alluded to the great harmony existing among us — and while I admit there are many minor differences to each other — it may not be improper to mention that there is one Darling here (I fear, I have already wearied your readers, but if they will allow me one more remark, I will then cease to trouble them — Let us not forget that we have a never failing Source entirely devoted to our wants — Think, what a blessing is this — And now, under all these pleasant circumstances, can that we will to be happy? I trust we are so

Yours &c

I went out in the solemn night, and listened to the music of the Spheres, for my soul was weary, and unquiet, and longed for that which might give it rest ——— Then heard I the voices of the new young Orion Brethren — they sang of Love which should unite all human hearts, even as their own — I looked upon and — Lo! they supported one another, and thus, should we — But my soul was yet troubled — how should it be able to love its human Brethren?

The deep voice of Orion answered, chanting of the majestic Strength, the conscious need of right which should uphold it — and my soul was more tranquil; — yet still questioned, till not Life one long scene of Trial, be more dark and gloomy?

Then the low clear voice of Cassiopeia sang of the Beauty which dwells in every living thing — in the trees — the flowers, in human countenances, — of the Beauty of Love, of Power, and their voices blended in harmonious unison with the other strange ones ——

The Triad was perfect — My soul was satisfied ——— Love, Strength, & Beauty, what more do we need? O

So traveller hot and weary,
Wandering in region dreary
How sweet to spy
A valley cool and quiet,
Spangled with many a flowerette
Near by! ——

And Sailor, tired of spending
Long days and nights in watching; —
What can be more
More cheering and inspiring
Than shout "sea sea resounding
Land ho!

The student, wan and wan-pettied
Pondering on thoughts important-full
In the still night;
When Truth at last comes slowly
Seals his strength great to rally
For night ——

But a more overwhelming pleasure,
And almost without measure
The soul runs o'er —
When joy from honest enjoyment
We meet the loved, long-absent
Once more!

A Bell time Normalite

(Ding - dong - dong, dong, ding — "What is the matter?" deeply dreads not the new Normalite, who has not yet become familiar with the dreadful sound — "It" replies her more experienced companion, "it is time to get up" "Oh! dear, I am so tired"! But the knew that the call of the Superintendent must be obeyed and she very unwillingly rises — Again, ding, ding, dong — "What is that"? "The breakfast bell" What a different sound from the former! The very vibrations seem cheerful and happy, and the effect upon the Normalite is quite the reverse of that caused by the first note, so, with calm demeanor and undisturbed countenance, she obeys the summons "Even another call from the bell"? Oh! yes! my dear Junior, this is but the beginning of what you have to endure; for many, many more times will you ear catch the sound before the day closes — This is, for the commencement of study hour, so you will please seat yourself — This time too, the summons seemed rather pleasant than otherwise, for the Students seated themselves at the table with evident satisfaction as for the jingle — "Study hour is over, and now, we must prepare for School" Hurry skurry, and soon meet at the School house — Almost the first meeting, is now the same little tinkle,

which, in a modest, low tone reminds all that the time has now arrived for school duties to commence — At last, a recitation is called. Miss D. has enchained the attention of all the class by her eloquent and beautiful manner of presenting the great truths of mathematical science — and even, while she is in the midst of her enthusiasm — lo! the harsh jingling of the little bell is heard, and the task stops, unfinished or not finished — Now, the sound is harsh and impatient, and the Normalite can hardly believe that it is produced by the same instrument that has spoken to her so mildly but an hour before — Again, the pupil is called to recite a reading lesson now — She is interested in the exercise — but alas! just as Miss L. is reading in her most thrilling style, yea — in the midst of the passage — is heard the unwelcome click, click, of the unfortunate little bell — Again, the bell assumes its cheerful and gentle tone, and tells us kindly, that now recess has come and that we are free to talk, and run, and laugh and play to our hearts content —
Oh! Protean Bell! soliloquizes the new-comer, never before did I so deeply feel thy power nor

the human heart — And now, when fun and
folic are at their height, and Sport is
Queen of the hour — another presents its sway
as ruler — the bell says, in harsh and clamorous
tones, I am more worthy than you to reign &
your subjects shall obey me — —
With a last lingering look at their Queen
her followers turn from her, and bow
themselves to the more peaceful sovereign —
Once more, in its low sweet tone, the bell
tells us to depart, and each turns to her
home — next it takes an entirely new
character — our bell apes the jolly —
it almost laughs aloud as it bids us
come to dinner — yes! the tones of the
dinner-bell are made of all sweet
records — and now, during the afternoon
it exercises its influence over us as before
and as we prepare to depart for the day
its low solemn voice is mingled with our
parting salutation — "Luck to the South" —
Thus through our normal life, ever sounds
the varying note of the little bell — and
though it may sometimes seem to us
impatient & commanding, yet, we shall find at
last that like a faithful monitor, the bell
hath ever spoken for our good — &

(Two Doctors had a dispute respecting a young lady — whereupon One wrote the following note — . Doctor ✕ Dr. 2 ✕ this

Doctor Long expects Dr. Short to explain their misunderstanding

& ✕ 11 7 2 (to her) Ammi expects you before seven to tea with her.

of rural amusement.

I wonder that the good sober people of our enlightened age do not sometimes doubt the existence of a soul in their own bodies when they deny the possession of one to so many of the beautiful things of our Earth —— These people talk of the glorious far-distant stars and coolly calculate on the probabilities of their being inhabited by beings like themselves while they neglect —— The beautiful all around them lying Offering up its low perpetual hymn I know that a Spirit dwells in every little flower, in every stately tree - for in music have they told to me their histories, and many a tale could I repeat of the shy, little Geranidia, of the graceful Golden rod, of the aster, with its star like eye, but I will not here —— No one would believe me if I should, so I will keep them safely enshrined in my own heart, where I have made a temple for all pleasant thoughts and memories ——

When I am weary & unhappy and cannot see the flowers, I enter this temple and listen to this music which ever sounds within, lulling me to pleasant dreams by

night and day — Then I feel refreshed and go to my work stronger and better than before If I should tell my dream to any, they would call me a romantic visionary and pity me — They cannot know that I bestow on them a pity exceeding theirs — Such may go on their way toiling for dollars and cents, or striving to acquire all true science, I have the Philosophers Stone which leads me to view all things in nature through the golden medium of pleasant fancies ——————

The sun was just resting on the western horizon, casting a last long smile of love upon the beautiful earth as I entered the wood —

It was the hour when the Genii of the wild flowers close up their little homes to wander through the wide world, that they may whisper in the ears of sleepers their fairy secrets —

My purpose was to gather now these flowers and carry them to my own chamber that I might entice the Genie there. My basket was soon filled with blue & white violets, Lilies of the valley, and Solomon's Seals, all sparkling with the brilliant coronets which the twilight spirit had, mirthful humor, thrown upon them —

Still I found not my little favourite, the delicate Anemone — So I wandered deeper and deeper into the wood — till the bright stars looked down upon me between the dark and heavy leaves —

It was pleasant to be there at that hour — the flowers grew around in rich wild profusion drooping their graceful

heads towards the earth, and the breeze made
pipe music as it played amid the
branches —
The moon at last arose, and as its
chequered ray fell around me, I discerned
growing near the roots of an old
oak tree, the object of my search —
Hastily I stooped to pluck it — but a
voice sweet as the tones of the wind harp
murmured a faint entreaty for me to
forbear —
Then I saw that the flower was still
open; the Genius was within —
I withdrew my hand, but bowed
my head, and listened earnestly to
the mournful accents —
It told me then its history —
I was the favourite of the Spirit of
Love and Beauty — the Spirit that
pervades the earth bringing joy to
the hearts of all — —
But its love I did not return —
I fled from good — and my mortal
life was the heavy forfeit given for
forsaking evil —

Yet like, was I loved, and the
kind Spirit gave me this little
flower for a dwelling place —
but it cannot long be mine —
many weary months must be
spent in the dark caverns beneath
the Earth —
I may not like my Kindred
Genii enter another home as
beautiful, when this shall fade —
So might, is my last — the Spirit
of Love will soon come to whisper
the farewell — O leave me now,
I pray you —
The musical voice was still —
sadly I left the woods that night
but took this silent lesson to
my heart —
all of Beauty and Good cannot
be regained when the heart
has once turned coldly away
from it — I —

In the year of our Lord 1896 an aged Normalite, unused with the labours of the day, composed herself in her large chair to rest ——— The spectacles were carefully laid away, but the eye of memory suddenly brightened — for as the soft south wind entered at the open window an association was awakened, she knew not how, and her thoughts went back to a certain eventful day at Normalty —

Fifty years! How long they seemed to the spirit in its journey course, yet it passes back through them in a moment and makes the time again present, when with her school companions, she was doomed to pass through that fiery ordeal, a public examination —

She sees once more the trembling limbs and pallid faces of the unfortunate victims, the eager countenances of the Teachers, the cold and unpitying looks of the numerous visitors, and her heart sickens at the recollection ——

The Black-boards appear like instruments of torture — all of a horrid darkness — Again, she stands before one, and tremblingly attempts to explain Square Root and Cube Root, but alas! She cannot look steadily through the hole in the middle of a grindstone — and balls of silk only lead her into a dismal labyrinth instead of furnishing her with a clue to extricate herself —

Then she endeavours to solve the Problem of the Lights, but the point of illumination in her mind is quite indeterminable —— She makes a desperate effort and talks about the sines and tangents of arcs and their complements, and reasons in a circle, feeling very certain all the while, that no compliment will be her meed —

In English Grammar, she finds it difficult to distinguish between a verb and a noun —

In astronomy, she makes horrible confusion, ~~on the stand~~
The sun and the moon are both in opposition, and the stars shed evil influences upon her —
She describes feelingly the effect which the contact of the Earth and a comet would produce — Hers is rather of mental than of natural philosophy
She remarks that gravity would be destroyed and a pleasant sensation of lightness given to all bodies —

Worst of all, she hears her own composition read aloud with all its imperfections on its head —
Thus ends the day of mortification —
People may talk as they like of corporeal Punishment — This species of mental torture is far more terrible!

Thank Heaven and the march of Intellect! piously ejaculated the Normalite

"Such barbarities are practised no longer"
The end of the Memories of the old
normalité —

The stem of the Fir tree forms knots
which betray the age of the tree —
human life has also its perceptible rings

There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we like. (Hamlet

Hope — She lives with closed fists
letters of the face —
Speech, is the golden bracelet that
follows the flowing of thought
yet, oftentimes runneth it to musk
and the grains be withered & scanty
Jefferson

Experience — is the most eloquent of
preachers, yet he seldom has a
large congregation —

Natural & artificial
productions of New England —
Pumpkins, Indian Corn, Squashes
Wheat, Rye, and Barley, Chesnuts
Beans, Pears, Tomatoe, Clams & oysters
Carpets — Hardware, Paper, Pins & Needles
Buttons, Boots & Shoes, Tallow candles
Wooden Cucumber seeds, Stone Chemies
Cast Iron Grindstone, Railroads &
Normal Schools, & the fancy articles too
numerous to mention —

I can't purse in a way that doesn't
suit my conscience any more —
What did you say Mr. Caudle?
My conscience made of India
Rubber? no, indeed sir, it isn't
It's a good Christian conscience
that can't and shan't be
budged ——

Sackcloth thou art, oh mortal
seek it no more on earth
For destiny will not cease
from dragging thee through the
rough wilderness of life —

What write a composition
A learned disquisition
For the Board of Education
To make them wise remarks on
Or a sweet ode to vacation
Or an eloquent oration
Addressed to examination
Or a harmonious narration
Or an epic in the wide creation
For their special edification!
Why no! I have no notion
Of causing such commotion
In my heart's operation
By such a fabrication
Why that wise delegation
So long the Nomenclature
Of normal education
Has'nt made its visitation!
And 'trouble be a declaration
Of certain lamentation
Should I write a composition
For their most close inspection
Before they'd made a motion
Or had the remotest notion
Of coming to the Institution
Besides I lack inspiration
For such a propagation

So I'll make no confession
Of mental aberation
By such a manifestation
Yours ever, Scribblerian

Fox! why run and look so guilty
Ah! the cause is plain —
Surely I will tell the hunter,
If you steal a grain —

2

Then the hounds will chase you flying
Over fence and field
Hunter ride on steed untiring
Till you, Fox, are killed

3

Fox! now let a friend advise you
Give my word belief
Steal no more the lambs & turkeys
Do not be a thief!

I wont be a dunce!

The moon is bright, my heart is light
My play I'll now renounce
And off to School I'll hasten along
And never be a dunce —
No! I wont be a dunce &c &c
I can so fond of learning, that I will not be a dunce

I cannot bear from School to stay
It will not do for me
True knowledge never comes unsought
But must solicited be — No! I wont be a dunce

Upon the Subject — Pleasure & Pain it's taken
Pleasure [illegible] Pleasure Pain —
Pain in [illegible] Pleasure each + All learn the Hours [illegible]

We greet with joy this happy day
And we will have dull care away
Hearts full of cheer, we'll never fear
While we in wisdom's ways appear
Then shout aloud — Shout aloud
Shout aloud — Swell the chorus
happy days we yet before us —

Oh! we will love our happy School
And never play the "idle fool" —
United all in heart & hand
Oh! we're not a happy band —

From morn to noon, from noon to night
Let peace and love our hearts unite
And when our daily task is o'er
We sing the song he sung before —

'Tis the last rose of Summer
Left blooming, alone -
All her lovely companions are fallen & gone
No flower of her kindred, no rose bud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one
To pine on the stem
Since the lovely are sleeping
Go! sleep thou with them -

Thus kindly I scatter
My leaves o'er the bed
Where the mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead -

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!

When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Go! forget me — thy Rhoda soon
o'er thee throw a Shadow flying
Go! forget me — and to morrow
Bright smile — and sweet lying
Smile! Though I may not be near thee
Smile! Though I should never see thee
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as the gloom of mine

Like the Sun thy Presence glows
Clothes the meanest thing in light
And when thou, like him, art going
Loveliest objects fade in night
All things look'd so bright about thee
That they nothing seem without thee
By that Sun & lucid mind
Earthly visions are refined

Helen Hovey - Lilly of the Valley or Hearts Ease
Mary Fuller - Rose bud
Caroline Andrews - Violet
Sally Blagden - Daisey
Fannie Hovey - Strawberry
Mary Horton - Pink
Alice Gray — Hearts Ease or Fancy

3d.

Is it far away in some region old
Where the rivers meander ~~over~~ sands of gold
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine
And the diamonds lights up the secret mine
And the pearls gleams forth from the coral strand
Is it there, sweet Mother that better land?
Not there — not there — my child —

1st verse

O hear thou Speaker of the better land
Thou callest its children a happy band
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flowers of the orange blow
And the fire flies glance through the myrtle bough
not there - not there - my Child!

2d.

Is it where feathery Palm trees rise
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the hues of all glorious things
not there - not there - my Child

4. th

Eye hath not seen it my gentle boy
Ear hath ~~not~~ not heard its deep songs of joy
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair
Sorrow and death may not enter there
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there - it is there - my Child

If ever I see
On bush or tree
Young Birds in a pretty nest
I must not in my play
Steal the Birds away
To grieve their mothers heart

For mothers, I know
would sorrow so
Should I be taken away
So I'll speak to the Birds
In my softest words
Nor hurt them in my play

And when they can fly
In the bright blue Sky
They'll warble a song to me
And then if I'm sad
It will make me glad
To think they are happy & free

Good night! Good night! and peace be with you
Peace - that gentlest parting strain
Soft it falls like dew on blossoms
Cherishing within our bosoms
Kind desires to meet again
Good night - Good night -

Good night - Good night - but not forever
Hope can see the morning rise
Many a pleasant scene before us
As though angels hovered o'er us
Beaming blessings from the skies
Good night - Good night

Good night - Good night - Oh, softly breathe it!
'Tis a prayer for those we love
Peace to-night and joy tomorrow
For our God, who shields the Sparrow
Hears us in his courts above
Good night - Good night

Spring,- 'tis the Spell of gladness
We breathe that Eden wrought
And in the youthful bosoms
What pleasant thoughts are stirred!
Sweet thoughts of gushing fountains
Bright skies and blossomed trees
And soft green grass and violets
And wild Birds melodies—

These visions warm the fancy
And make the hope of mirth
But Spring has gifts more precious
To bless the waiting Earth
There's health upon her breezes
The glow of life they bear
And look upon the blossomed trees
You'll find Hope's treasure there

Oh! tell us not of glory
And tell us not of wealth
Hope, is the fame of youthful hearts
Their precious riches health—
We'll search the book of Nature
And learn where these are found
While Spring her gifts of buds & flowers
Is scattering all around

First Voice

Like the rivers ceaseless flow
Days and hours and moments go —
And the year that endless seemed
In the future's busy schemes
Passed - it is past — the year
What hath been its record here?

Second Voice

Not by labours we have wrought
Can we show the growth of thought
As the plant you tend for years
Ere its ripened fruit appears
Thus the youthful mind must be
Nurtured long ere fruit you see

First Voice

Poetry is a tearful word
Breathed in grief, in sorrow heard
Here its cadence draws no sigh
Its expression dims no eye
When the closing song is o'er
We no part to meet no more

Second Voice

Again, Again, we meet again
Deem not this a Jarring strain
'Tis the joy & change we hail
When its fleeting pleasures fail
Like kind Birds that fold the wing
Blithely here our songs we'll sing —

Flora

Ten thousand different flowers
To thee sweet Spring bear
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care

The fields on every side
The trees on every hill
The glorious sun, the rolling tide
Proclaim thy wonders still

But trees and fields and skies
Still praise a God unknown
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone —

While Earth itself decays
Our souls can never die
Oh! time them all to sing thy praise
In better songs on high —

Pandreds

Oh! turn that little foot aside
Nor crush beneath its tread
The humblest creature of the Earth
That looks to God for bread

Thou should'st not dare in wanton sport
Such wondrous skill to mar
To stop the tide of joyous life
Which GOD has nourished there

If He, who made the universe
Stoops down in kindest love
To make an insect of the Earth
From his high throne above

Oh! who would dare that insects life
In wantonness destroy
Or give a pang to any thing
That He has made for joy.

My Child — begin in little things
To act a gentle part
For GOD will turn his love away
From the cold & cruel heart

Love - the golden Chain

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those that fear the Lord
In one another's peace delight
and thus fulfil his word

Oh may we all each brother's life
and with him bear a part
May love as flows from eye to eye
And joy from heart to heart

Let love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flow
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above
and he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love

Auld Lang Syne at School

Shall School acquaintance be forgot
And never brót to mind
Shall School acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne
For auld lang syne at School
For auld lang syne
We'll have a thót of Kindness yet —
For auld lang syne

We oft have run about the fields
And culled the flowers so fine
We'll ne'er forget those hours when they
are auld lang syne

We oft have shared each other's task
From morn till days decline
But memory's night shall never rest
on auld lang syne

Then take the hand that now is warm
within a hand of thine
no distant day shall lose the grasp
of auld lang syne

Let us love one another

Let us love one another - not long we stay
On this bleak world of mourning & brief is life's day
Some fade e're 'tis noon, and few linger till eve
Oh! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve
And the fondest, the purest, this truest that met
Some still found the need to forgive and forget
Then oh! though the hopes that we nourished decay
Let us love one another as long as we stay —

There are hearts like the ivy though all be decayed
Which it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight & shade
Yet drop not its leaves, but still gaily they spread
Undimmed midst the blighted, the lonely and dead
And the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part
But with leaves closely round it, the root in its heart
Exists but to twine it, and drink the same dew
Or to fall in the loved oak, and perish there too

Thus we'll love one another, midst sorrow the worst
Unaltered and fond as we loved at the first
Though the false wing of pleasure & fortune may change
And the bright sun of wealth into particles break
There are some sweet affections that Earth cannot buy
That cling but the closer wh

The last rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of Summer,
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions,
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave the thorn bare one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter,
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where the mates of the garden,
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle,
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit,
This bleak world alone!

The little maid.

There was a little maid,
Who wore a little bonnet;
She had a little finger,
With a little ring upon it.
She scanned her little waist,
It owned a little size,
That it made the little blood
Rush to her little eyes.

This pretty little maid
Had a pretty little man,
Who wore a little hat,
And gloves as white as snow;
He said his little heart
Was in a little flutter,—
That he loved the little maid,
And no one else but her.

He smiled a little smile,
When he breathed his little vows;
And he kissed her little hand,
With many little bows.
By little, and by little,
Her little heart did yield,
Till little tears and sighs,
Her little heart revealed.

collection of original compositions of Charles Swinburne, a descendant of Algernon Charles Swinburne, and celebrated poet, [illegible] and [illegible]

A little while — alas!
And her little lamb departed,
With all his little woes,
And left her broken-hearted.
Now all ye little maids,
A moral I will give you, —
Don't trust to little men,
They surely will deceive you.

" " " " "

The love of truth

My days of youth tho' not from folly free,
I prize the truth, the more the world I see.
I keep the straight hand narrow path and lead wherever it may
The voice of truth, I follow and obey.

— — — —

My footsteps lead, O truth, and would my will,
In word and deed my duty to fulfill:
Dishonest arts, and selfish aims, to truth can ne'er belong,
A deed of mine, shall be a deed of wrong.

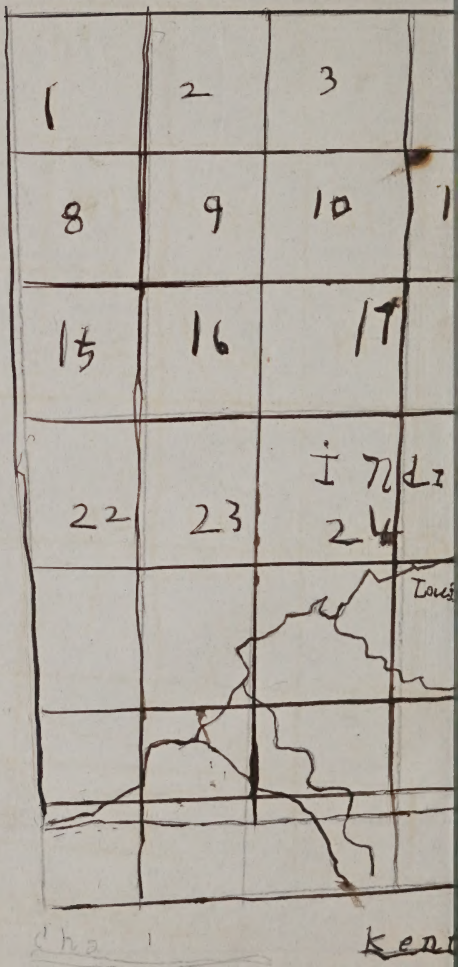
— — — —

The strength of youth we see it soon decay,
But strong is truth, and stronger every day.
Though falsehood seem a mighty power, whilst we in vain withstand
The power of truth will in the end prevail.

— — — —

My days of youth tho', not from folly free,
I prize the truth the more the world I see.

Whatever it may
I'll keep the straight and narrow path, and heed
the voice of truth I'll follow and obey.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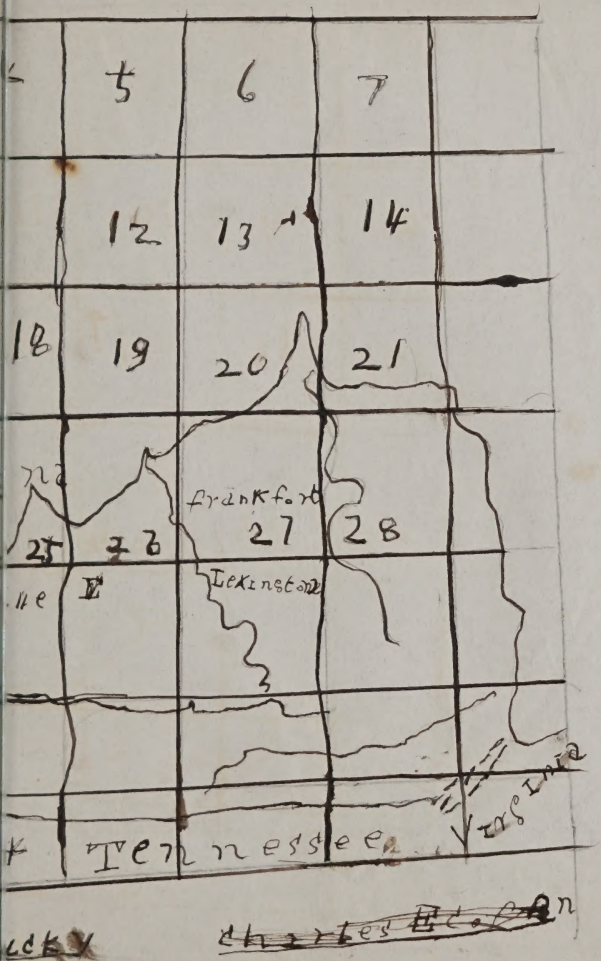
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Work for some good — be it ever so lowly
Cherish some virtue — be it ever so holy
Labor! all labor is noble & holy
Let thy good deeds be thy prayers to
the God
F. L. Hosmer

The silver Keys of the fountains of tears
Where the Spirit drinks like the Rose
Softest grass of a is wild
Thousand years
When their mother dies, like a
weary child
It's head as deep in flowers

For the Olive Branch.

I cannot school my heart to bear,
The trifles of a day,
They only on my spirit wear,
And chase my smiles away!

It may be but an *altered look*,
That wakes the inward strife,
Yet sunshine has my heart forsook,
It took the zest from life!

Perhaps it was a *spoken word*,
Uttered, alas! in haste;
Yet long its echo may be heard,
Ere from the soul effaced!

Perhaps an *action undefined*,
Wakens reflection's pow'r;
But feeling it was all design'd,
It marr'd the passing hour!

Great God! *What are* these tissues fine,
That blend at ev'ry turn?
Thou makest nought without design,
Could I the mystery learn.

Then take, frail child, thy meted share,
Thou'st struggling not in vain;
Who meekly *here* the conflict bear,
The victory *there* attain.

S.

CHANGE OF MINISTERS.

The Methodist churches

Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath
(winds from the Godhead
The good & the true, work for eternity in a
golden silence ——

I cannot choose but marvel at the way
In which we pass our lives from day to day
Learning strife lessons in the human heart
And yet, like Shadows, letting them depart
Is misery so familiar, that we bring
Ourselves to view it as a usual thing?
We do too little feel each other's pain
We do too much relax the social chain
That binds us to each other — slight the care
There is for grief, in which we have
no share (L E L)

But upon the Colly, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away
And quarrels with his food & hay
Because it isn't clover —

Give to me, the happy mind
That sees each deed & kind
Something good & something kind
all the wide world over (Good

Better trust all, and be deceived
And weep that trust — and that deceiving
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed
Had blessed thee with true believing
Oh in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth
Better be cheated to the last —
Than lose the blessed hope of truth
Mrs Butler —

Forgiveness, is like the odor flowers yield when
trampled upon —

They that deserve Love least, need it most
J. P.

"As the Flower turns her chalice to the sun,
so does the Soul yearn after sweet tones"

The web in the corner the Spider weaves
Is like the chain Hope hangs o'er men
Though often she sees it broke by the breeze
She spins the bright tissue again —
More
So may we live that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower
A daily rising thing of power
That every thought, & every deed
May mould within it's day the seed
Of future good, & future meed

If an Offence come out of the Truth, better
is that an Offence come, than the Truth
be concealed —
"Let us ever take counsel of our hopes, rather
than our fears!"
Goods gone! something gone!
must bend to the oar, and earn three
some more
Honor gone — much gone!
work for a new glory; then the idling
gossips will alter
their story
Courage gone — all gone!
Better never have been born for the
Bide your time — one false step taken,
Perils all you get have done
undismayed — not — unshaken —
watch and wait — and all is won
'Tis not by a rash endeavor
men or states the greatness climb
would you win your rights forever
Calm and thoughtful — bide your time"

Music is the voice of God, & Poetry the
language

Process of separating shells in France, where it is done better than elsewhere — There is great danger of breaking the parts as they are divided — to guard against this, they close all the small apertures with wax, then fill the shell with beans, through the opening at the throat, then pour in warm water, and close it up — the beans will swell & burst the partitions apart —

"Every man has two angels — one on his right shoulder, the other on his left — When he does any thing good, the Angel on his right shoulder, writes it down and seals it — for when a thing is once well done, it is done forever — When he does anything wrong, the Angel on his left shoulder writes it down but does not seal it — he waits till midnight, if before that time, the man kneels down and cries, "Gracious Alla! I have sinned, have mercy" he rubs it out, but if not, he seals it, and the Angel on the right shoulder — weeps" ———

"Ye may search the Earth and Shoreless deep
For the fairest things in Nature's cells they keep;
Yet may gather the Gems of an Eastern mine
And offer it up at affection's Shrine;
But ye'll never find it cherished there
Like a simple gift, with the heart's pure prayer"
"O swiftly fly ye wheels of Time
And bring that welcome day"

Machine Poetry! No 1

In Bible times, there was a tree
Filled with forbidden fruit to see
So taste it none would surely dare
For looks alone, 'twas hung up there —
Just like this tree it seems to me,
Mrs. D. would like her Parlour to be
At the door we each may stand and look
But in it, take neither self, nor book —
How Sofa, tempts us to recline
But we must keep on seats of pine
How Solar Lamp, so clear and bright,
Helps us to see our own dim light —
And then at the table she's so polite genteel
She considers it vulgar to eat a great deal,
The ninth part of a pie — a little cake,
I see we can get, if more we would take,
So we go on from day to day,
Slowly wearing our bodies away —
Our poor old frame won't stand it long
I'm growing weak, so fill end my song!

Written in Mrs. D.'s study room Sat. Eve. Jan. 31. /46
Composed by Nancy Pierce

Machine Poetry No 2.

1. Oh! what's the cause of this commotion!
Why, we're disturbed Mrs D's devotion —
So be sure, a merry laugh was heard
But it's better than scolding — upon my word —

2. Without 'twas calm — within it should be,
At least, so reasoned madam D —
And this she told us at the stairway door
While we above, were all in a roar —

3. Annie Stasey! Annie Stasey! the sweet miss said
"You make noise enough to raise the dead
If the windows were open, the neighbours would say
And with reason too, the D. is to pay"

4. When when the bell rung to summon us down
Like a thunder cloud was the pious mob's frown
And there she sat on her three legged stool
As we took our seats quite calm and cool —

5. She flared away at a powerful rate
And that was spice for we ne ate
A meagre supply, I'm sure you would think
With little to eat, and less to drink —

6, But hark! again that sweet voice saith cries
While each one gazed with a look of surprise
"If it had been a parcel of men & boys
I should'nt have wondered at the noise.

Saturday Feb. 8,

Sally Lunds cake

3 pints of flour — great spoonful of butter warmed in a pint of milk, 3 well beaten eggs, 2 table spoonfuls of yeast — Let it rise over night.

"It requires courageous hearts and dauntless spirits to acquire any art, and especially, the art of Penmanship — There are many things in nature and nature matter. The meanderings of a rivulet, is a specimen of natural beauty. Carrie
The dot, the straight line, & the curve, are the elements of artistic beauty.

So long my pen has silent rested
I fear your friendships I have tested
But hope, that memory will retain
Some thoughts of me from whom this came

In answer to this valentine
Do pray be kind, and send a line!
Forget my sin & past omission
Nor deem this one, of sharper commission

Since there will be no more clouds seen here, there must Carrie
be, for a bright evening sunset — and no more rain, there is
needful for a rainbow in moonlight —

Valentines

1. Am I black, or am I white?
Stupid, dull, or mighty bright?
Eyes of azure, or of jet?
And tell me, have we ever met?

2. If these questions you can guess
Can answer truly with a, Yes!
Ah! then no doubt is longer mine
That you're my destined Valentine—

3. Come quickly then, to cheer my heart
And may we never, never part,
Unless you indeed, you're of Candle Kind
Then I shall please to change my mind—

A Fancy has taken this heart of mine
To make choice of you, as Valentine
Can you one Yankee power claim
To guess the name from whom I came?

Chinese Proverb—
When you have found a day to be idle—
be idle for a day——
When you have met with three cups to drink,
drink three cups—

	Speaking loud	Tardy	reciting
Elizabeth Jones	X		
Minnie Langden			
Fannie Hovey			
Alice Gray 2nd.		/	
Mary Horton		/	
Alice Gray 1st		//	
Sarah Dudley		//	
Samuel Blaisdell	////	//	
Samuel Weld	///		
Cornelia Spear	//		
Annie Burrage			
Sally Blaisdell	///		
Elizabeth Weld	//		
Jessie Cotton	//	/	
Katie Bennett	X		
Mary A. Lane	/	///	
Helen Abbott	///	/	
Elizabeth Atkins	////	/	
Caroline Gray		/	
Sarah Atkins			
Katie Coffin	/	/	
Charles Davis			
Franky Newling			
Anna Cassidy	//	/	
Mary Hovey			

Fanney Hovey		Jan. 22	Jan.	1850
Minnie Langdon			Feb 5th	
Elizabeth Jones				
Augusta Saunders				
Fannie Lowley				
Helen Thompson				
Alice Gray 1st				
Elizabeth Thyng				
Alice Gray 2nd				
Mary Horton				Oct 11th
Samuel Blagden				
Samuel Weld				
Sally Blagden				
Elizabeth Weld				
Maria Davis			May	20th
Josephine Thompson			Julia	Saunders
William Hovey			Charles	Davis
Charles Coffin			Frank	Gilbert
Adda Jones			Ellen	Gilbert
Sarah Atkins			Henry	Hovey
Caroline Gray			Cornelia	Spear
Helen Abbott			Jessie	Cotton
Elizabeth Atkins			Betty	Coffin

October 17th. 1879	Spoke	miss	punctual	
Elizabeth Jones	IX			
Frances Hovey	IX		1	
Minnie Landon	IX			
Fannie Dowley	IX			
Alice Gray 1st	I			
Alice Gray 2nd	II			
Mary Horton	I			
Helen Thompson	I			
Samuel Blagden	I			
Samuel Weld	II			
Cornelia " Spears "				
Sally Blagden				
Elizabeth Weld				
Maria Davis				
Josephine Thomason				
Charles Coffin				
Fannie " Horton "				
Ada " Jones "	II			
Sarah Atkins	II			
Katie Coffin				
Caroline Gray				
Elizabeth Atkins				
Harry Hovey				
Justine Colton				